

# Great Circus Songster

WORDS AND MUSIC.



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Dot stapporn poily. Dorkins' night. Der baby. Dot baby of mine. Dying soldier. Excelsior. Fast freight. Gully or not gully. Gambler's wiper. The gales came a-jar. Horner's nest. I must be there on New Year's day. Irish philosopher. Jim Bludso. Last hymn. Life is but a game of cards. Level and the square. Lips that touch liquor must never meet. Little Meg and I. Moneyless man. Mule stood on the steamboat deck. Maniac. Mother's fool. Miss Maloney on the Chinese question. Maoney's Beniam can. No sect in heaven. Nobody's mule. Nobody's child. Old man in the model church. O'Reilly's Billy goat. Over the hills to the poor-house. Old sayings. Old oaken bucket. Oester Joe. Polish boy. Please don't sell my father rum. Raven. Richmond on the James. Rory of the fall. Roman's hammock. Sheridan's ride. Somebody's darling. Somebody's mother. Schneider's ride. Song of the shirt. Shamus O'Brien. Twenty years ago. Tramp. That hired girl. Virginian. Wolf at the door. We should be wiser. Which shall it be! What I would do for her. What is life? Wreck of the Hope. What I live for. When McGee's Nine played the Mets. We reap what we sow. You put no flowers on papa's grave. Yarn of the Nancy Bell, and many others. This valuable book sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 25 Cts., or five copies for One Dollar.

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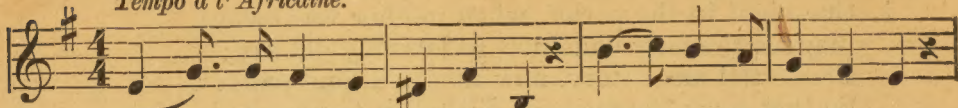


# "MY JOHANNA JOHNSON."

An African Love Song.

Words and Music by EDGAR SELDEN.

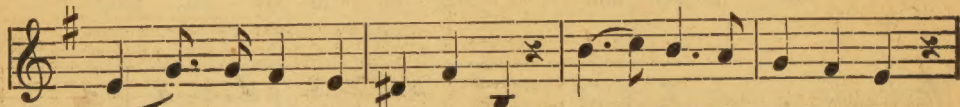
*Tempo à l' Africaine.*



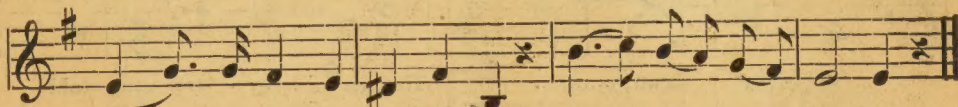
- |  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| 1. Down where de flat-boats come and go,   | Oh! my Jo-han-na, ho! |
| 2. When..... de night am bright an' clear, | Oh! my Jo-han-na, ho! |
| 3. Black.....crows perch up - on de trees, | Oh! my Jo-han-na, ho! |
| 4. Danc - in' on de old lev-ee,            | Oh! my Jo-han-na, ho! |



where de big steam whistles blow,	My Jo-han-na	John-son,
Dark - ies come from far an' near,	My Jo-han-na	John-son,
Swing - in' in de morn-in' breeze,	My Jo-han-na	John-son,
Hap - py as a bum-ble-bee,	My Jo-han-na	John-son,

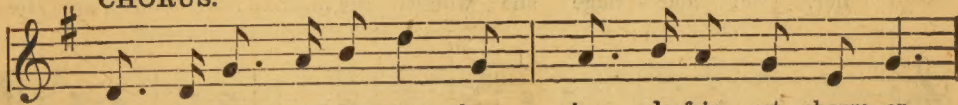


Logs come float - in' down de stream,	Oh! my Jo-han-na, ho!
Pick de ban-jos, dance an' wing,	Oh! my Jo-han-na, ho!
Rice - birds flut-ter in de sky,	Oh! my Jo-han-na, ho!
Tot - in' cot-ton in de sun,	Oh! my Jo-han-na, ho!

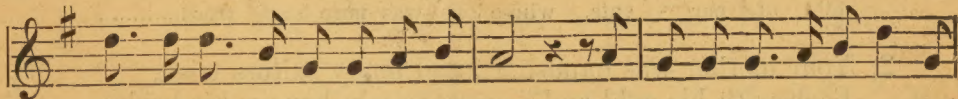


Dat's de place of which I dream,	My Jo-han-na	John-son.
An' de "Swa-nee Rib-ber" sing,	My Jo-han-na	John-son.
You can't kotch them if you try,	My Jo-han-na	John-son.
Ain't we glad when day am done,	My Jo-han-na	John-son.

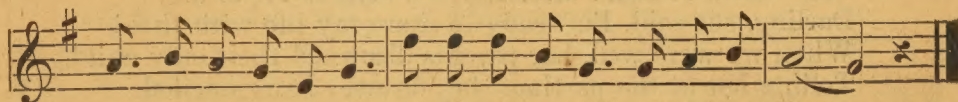
## CHORUS.



My Jo-han-na John-son, she is de fair-est charm-er



She's the ni-cest gal dat I do know. She's sweeter far, than honey, An'



bet-ter far, than money My Jo-han-na John-son, she's my beau.

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# YOUR MOTHER AND I, MAGGIE.

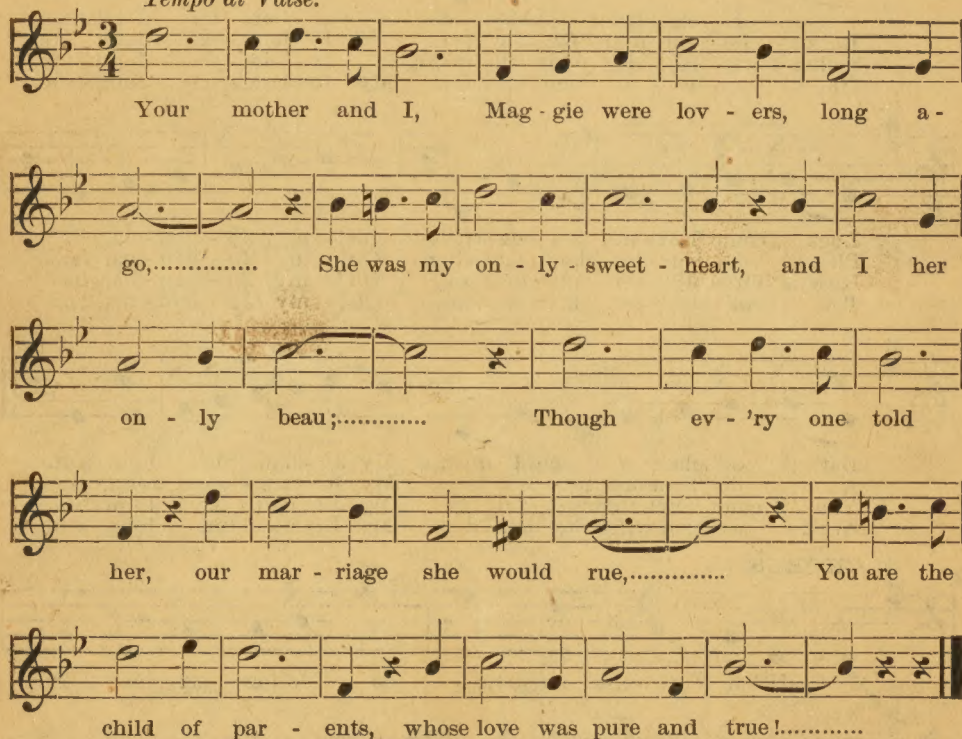
Song and Chorus.

Words and Music by WALTER P. KEEN.

1. One night in the parlor, when mother was away,  
Maggie, the only daughter, so lovingly did say:  
Please tell me a story, now there's a fond papa;  
So that upon the morrow, I'll tell it to mamma!  
Darling, the father answered, a story I will tell,  
And it concerns your mamma, and you and I as well,  
Years ago, a lad and lass were married secretly!  
The maiden was your mother dear, the lad, my girl, was me!

## CHORUS.

*Tempo di Valse.*



Your mother and I, Mag-gie were lov-ers, long a-  
go,..... She was my on-ly-sweet-heart, and I her  
on-ly beau;..... Though ev-'ry one told  
her, our mar-riage she would rue,..... You are the  
child of par-ents, whose love was pure and true!.....

2. Your mother was handsome, and many suitors tried,  
Each with his gold and jewels, to win her for his bride;  
But wealth couldn't alter the vows she made to me;  
Darling, she said, I'm ready to share my life with thee!  
When we were wed, her parents disowned their only child,  
Telling her at the parting, they'd never be reconciled,  
But before they passed away to brighter realms above,  
They blessed the girl who married me for pure and holy love!

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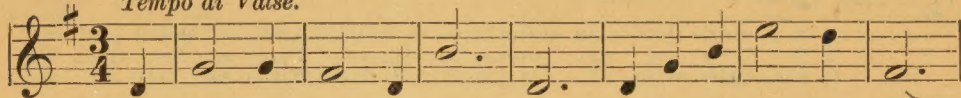
# SEEING JENNIE HOME.

Song and Chorus.

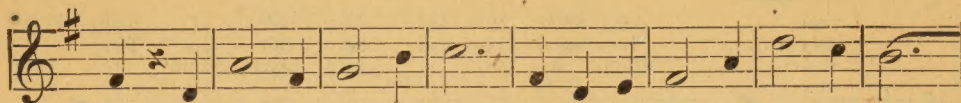
Arr. by F. W. MEACHAM.

Words and Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.

*Tempo di Valse.*



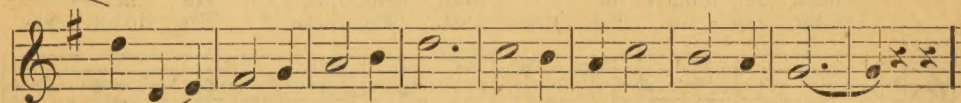
1. I have an on - ly Jen - nie, she is most won-drous fair;.....
2. Just sev - en - teen is Jen - nie, she is so shy and coy;.....
3. The time seems long in com - ing, when marriage bells will ring;.....



..... And ev - 'ry day I meet her, on the cor - ner of the square:....  
 ..... With smiles she al - ways greets me and it fills my heart with joy;.....  
 ..... And birds the pleas - ure shar - ing, in the trees will sweet - ly sing;.....



..... Then arm in arm to - geth - er, we are hap - py as we roam,....  
 ..... No won - der I am en - vied, when with Jen - nie dear I roam,....  
 ..... When the wedding march re - sound - ing, like the cho - rus of a poem,....

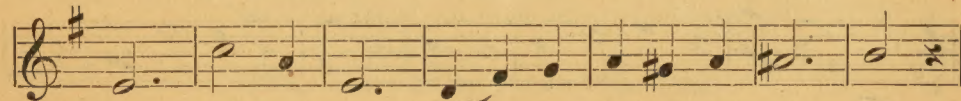


..... And so sweet - ly ends the ev - 'ning, in see - ing Jen - nie home.....  
 ..... And a - lone have all the pleas - ure, of see - ing Jen - nie home.....  
 ..... And on my arm so proud - ly, I'll take my Jen - nie home.....

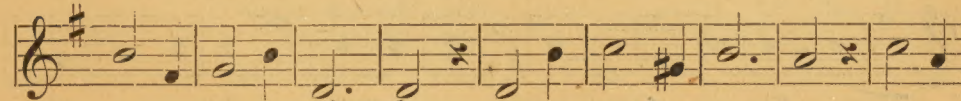
## CHORUS.



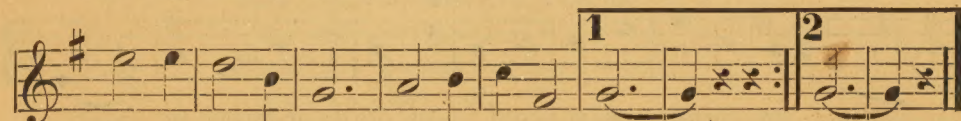
See - ing Jen - nie home,..... Oh! what joy it gives me, Heart so



true, eyes so blue, gold - en hair has my Jen - nie,



See - ing Jen - nie home,..... Oh! what joy it gives me, Ev - 'ry



night 'tis my de - light, see - ing Jen - nie home..... home.....

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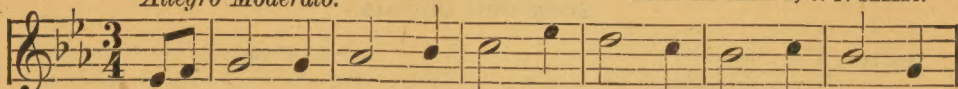


# THE WORKINGMAN'S DREAM.

Song and Chorus.

*Allegro Moderato.*

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.



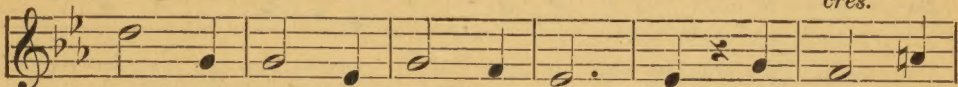
1. A work - ing - man came home one night And sat down just to  
2. He heed - ed not the storm with - out; Thro' it he'd tried all  
3. His wife with all a moth - er's love, While tears were in her



rest..... And while he sat he fell a - sleep, With  
day..... To earn the hon - est dol - lar That for  
heart,..... Stood si - lent by while death came in, Her



sor - row in his breast..... He slept the sleep of hon - est  
food and fire would pay,..... His dream was of the chil - dren  
babe and her to part..... The man slept on, a peace - ful

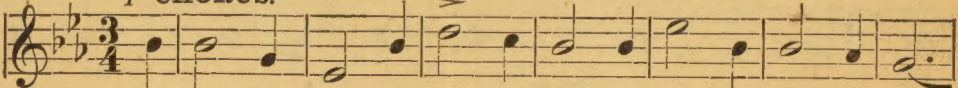


toil, And will - ing work - ing hand,..... And in a  
sweet He longed to free from care;..... He nev - er  
smile Up - on his rug - ged face,..... His dream was



dream he saw a - gain Good for - tune in the land.....  
thought that they with him Such pov - er - ty would bear.....  
of his lit - tle boy And lit - tle ba - by Grace.....

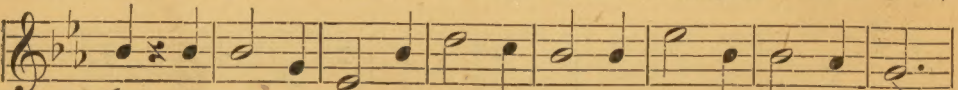
*p* CHORUS.



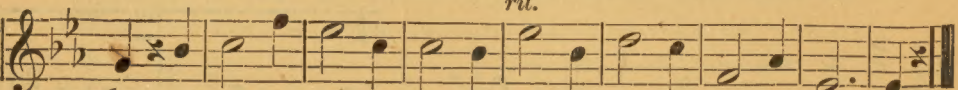
He dreamt he saw his faith - ful wife Come smil - ing to his side,...



And round him romped his lit - tle ones whose laughter was his pride,



The sun of bright pros - per - i - ty Shown round him once a - gain,...



But when he woke he sighed, "a - las! My dream was all in vain!"

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# WHEN PEGGY AND I ARE WED.

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Words and Music by Harry Kennedy, Author of "Molly and I and the Baby."

There's a girl I meet in our street,  
Her family lives next door;  
The father he owns the big corner flat,  
The daughter takes cash in the store.  
Every night I roam to see her home,  
And no matter where I go  
You can hear them all murmur as I walk by,  
"That's Peggy O'Hara's beau."  
Monday night I asked her hand,  
Tuesday asked her ma,  
Wednesday I made up my mind  
To have a long chat with her pa;  
On Thursday he gave his consent,  
These words to me he said:  
"I'll give you the deed of the corner lot  
When Peggy and you are wed."

## CHORUS.

Oh, Peggy, say yes, love, make your answer a kiss, love,  
For you are the sweetest one that e'er I cast my eyes upon;  
Just mention the day, love, don't you dare to say nay, love;  
Oh, how happy we shall be when Peggy and I are wed.

Many years have fled since we were wed,  
Our locks are turning gray;  
Now Peggy and I run the corner store,  
The old folks have long passed away.  
We've been blessed with health, we've lots of wealth,  
We are happy as can be;  
With a son and a daughter that's both grown up,  
And a baby that's just turned three.  
Mary, she's the eldest girl,  
Looks just like her ma;  
Terence, he's a fine young lad  
With all the *ould tricks* of his pa.  
Not a shade of strife e'er crossed our life,  
And we'll ne'er forget the day  
When Peggy took cash in the corner store,  
And to her I used to say:

## CHORUS.

Oh, Peggy, say yes, love, make your answer a kiss, love,  
For you are the sweetest one that e'er I cast my eyes upon;  
Just mention the day, love, don't you dare to say nay, love;  
Oh, how happy we shall be when Peggy and I are wed.



# DON'T FORGET ME, MARY!

Song and Chorus.

*Tempo di Valse.*

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.



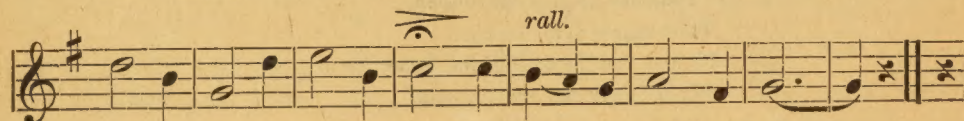
1. They kissed and parted at the gate, A lass and lov - ing swain, He
2. The ship went sail - ing far a - way Thro' wild and an - gry wave, With
3. At home his Ma - ry fond - ly waits Her lov - er's glad re - turn, Still



was to sail the sea a - way. They might not meet a - gain. The  
gal - lant heart the sail - or lad Saw near a sail - or's grave. A  
hop - ing, long - ing, day by day Her heart's re - ward to earn. She



love that bloomed in Ma - ry's heart Shone thro' her ra - di - ant eye..... She  
darksome night, no land in sight, — For death he had no fear..... And  
does not know that Jack's warm hand Will never clasp her own..... At

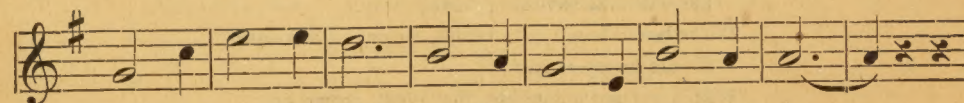


heard her lov - er's ten - der plea While whispering sad "good - bye!"  
as he sank beneath the foam His voice rose sound - ing clear:  
night in dreams she seems to hear His voice in lov - ing tone!

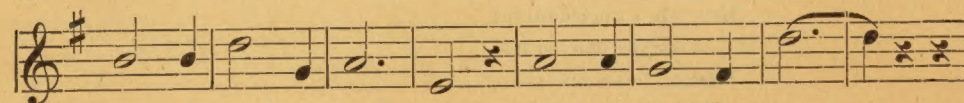
**CHORUS.** *After third verse sing Chorus pianissimo.  
a tempo.*



Don't for - get me, Ma - ry, While I sail the sea,.....



Don't for - get me, Ma - ry, Wher - ev - er I may be,.....



Keep your heart in glad - ness, Ten - der, warm and true,.....



Don't for - get me, Ma - ry, I'll think of none but you.....

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# WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN.

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Words and Music by James Thornton. Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

There was once a young maiden of tender grace, laughing blue eyes and a winsome face,  
Also a youth, brimming with truth, got married one day in spring.  
Through the sweet scented summer they knew no fear, but the mills had all closed in the winter drear;  
Then when the lad was gloomy and sad this is the song she would sing:

CHORUS.

Sweetheart, fond heart, from your side I will ne'er part, we'll be together, love, in sunshine or in rain;  
Don't be repining, what is the use of complaining, we will be happy, love, when summer comes again.

Oh, the cold, cheerless winter soon passed away, spring came with flowers to deck sweet May;  
Maiden and lad grew to be glad, and sung like the birds in spring.  
The dark shadows of sorrows ne'er came again to their sweet little cottage just down the lane,  
Where at the door, when his work was o'er, she'd kiss him and then she'd sing:—*Chorus.*

CHORUS.

Sweetheart, fond heart, from your side I will ne'er part, we'll be together, love, in sunshine or in rain;  
Don't be repining, what is the use of complaining, we will be happy love, when summer comes again.

---

## LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

Put your arms around me honey, even if you have no money: love me little, love me long;  
For you know I'm in a hurry, when my heart is in a flurry—love me little, love me long.  
I'd fly away on high, knock a hole up in the sky, and hear the angels sing their brightest song.  
Get a move and do not tarry, if you do we will not marry—love me little, love me long.

CHORUS.

Stand from under! I'm goin' up yonder, yonder in the skies;  
Put your arms around me, even if you have no money—  
Love me little love me long.

Come along, my darling dncey, for I know you're very lucky—love me little, love me long;  
Do not wait a single minute, or we never will be in it—love me little, love me long.  
Put your wings on very tight, and we'll fly by day and night, till we reach the place that has the golden gong.  
Over spire and over steeple, fly away from all the people—love me little, love me long.—*Chorus.*

Don't you hear the angels singing, and the golden bells a-ringing—love me little, love me long;  
Honey dear, you've got to take me, and you'll never try to shake me—love me little, love me long.  
Oh, do not be too late when we reach the golden gate, for I want to take my harp and shout a song.  
Come along, my beauty charmer, buckle on your brightest armor—love me little, love me long.—*Chorus.*

---

Parody on:

## I Long to See the Girl I Left Behind.

Written and sung by Frank North.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

There's a cottage up in Harlem, where I went to see a dame  
Who thought she had a mortgage on my life;  
And she got all my money, but, of course, she's not to blame,  
For I had asked this girl to be my wife.  
And when I told her father of my love so dear  
He licked me and he kicked me till he nearly drove me blind;  
As he raised the parlor window and he threw me to the street  
I thought about the girl I left behind.

CHORUS.

My gold watch and chain I'll ne'er see again, she's done me for everything fine;  
Now it's drove me to drink, and I can't sleep a wink, for this girl that I left behind.

One evening, in a concert hall, I thought I'd raise a fight,  
I told a girl I didn't like her face;  
For I'd been drinking whiskey, and I thought the world was mine,  
But I soon found how different was the case.  
The copper grabbed me gently and he took me to the door,  
And he said: "Old boy, we'll try to use you elegant and fine,"  
As he hit me with his night stick, and he closed up both my eyes,  
So I couldn't see the girl I left behind.

CHORUS.

My money's all gone, my clothes are in pawn, I've lost everything—even my mind;  
I've lost my job on account of that slob of a girl that I left behind.



# One of His Legs Is Longer than It Really Ought to Be.

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Words and Music by Lew Dockstader.

A friend of mine once got a fall that broke his leg and arm,  
The doctor set them right away, which lessened our alarm,  
And as the arm grew strong again our hearts were light and gay,  
But when he tried to walk around we all began to say:

CHORUS.

Why one of his legs is longer than it really ought to be,  
We all began to pity him and gave our sympathy,  
But John said, I don't care, because there's many more than me  
Who has a leg that's longer than it really ought to be.

Some time ago a dashing dude a lovely damsel met,  
He told the girl he loved her so her charms he'd ne'er forget;  
She learned that he was wealthy, and I know the girl was poor,  
But now the girl is wealthy and the man is broke, I'm sure.

CHORUS.

And one of his legs is longer than it really ought to be,  
I guess she must have pulled it till it loosened at the knee;  
He used to be a model, for a splendid form had he,  
But now one leg is longer than it really ought to be.

While riding on a railroad train a masher chanced to see  
Two girls whom he invited in the dining car to tea;  
They ate up everything they saw, for more began to shout,  
The masher paid the bill and from the car came limping out.

CHORUS.

For one of his legs was longer than it really ought to be,  
Just think of settling on a train a dinner bill for three;  
Just try the same yourself some day, and then you'll quickly see  
That one leg will be longer than it really ought to be.

---

## SHE IS MY PIC-NIC GIRL.

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Words and Music by Harry Connor. Arranged by Percy Gaunt.

Kitty Driecoll is the girl who has my heart in keeping,  
I dream of her by night and day, at waking or while sleeping;  
You can bet she'll give them cards and spades, at "spieling" she's a peach;  
She broke my heart and pocket-book at Coney Island beach.

REFRAIN.

She is my pic-nic girl; you should see us as we whirl,  
"Spieling" and reeling, at Coney Island down the bay;  
For she's such a sweet young thing, I'll buy a wedding ring,  
And married I'll be to Kitty, if she'll but name the day.

When she strikes the dancing floor you bet there is a flurry,  
The girls they scatter right and left, they seem in such a hurry  
Just to see her dip and slide and skate and twist upon her heel;  
They say she's papa's baby girl, when she begins to "spiel."—*Refrain.*

Thursday night there'll be a hop, and Kate and I are going;  
The question I will surely pop, and no one will be knowing.  
If she does refuse I'll leave this earth, and take the quickest way;  
Should she say "Yes," well, you can guess I'll name the wedding day.—*Refrain.*

---

## MOLLY, O!

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Written and Composed by Wm. J. Scanlan and sung by him in "Mavourneen."

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;  
My heart is gone, I lay me at her feet;  
So light her tread, so fond her gaze,  
Who would not love my Molly dear?  
Clouds are but sunshine, skies ever clear,  
Happy am I, lads, when Molly is near;  
Heart's fondest echo, love's sweet refrain,  
Still call me back to my Molly again.

CHORUS.

She's plain Molly, O, simple and sweet;  
She's plain Molly, O—her heart is love's retreat;

She's plain Molly, O, lovely, divine;  
Oh, would that I could call Molly mine.

Brave soldiers may war, heroes may die,  
With Molly, dear, the world I would defy.  
Tender her heart, loving and true,  
Flowers of the valley call her queen.  
So like the lily, so like the rose,  
Her laugh's like the sunshine to nature's repose;  
Her eyes are jewels, more rich and bright  
Than those in heaven that sparkle at night.—*Chorus.*

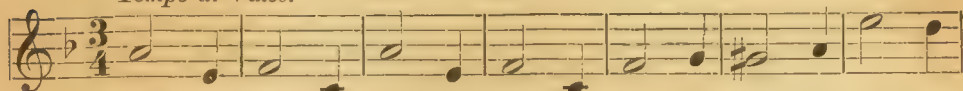


# HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.

*Tempo di Valse.*



1. Have you seen her? She's the fair - est lit - tle girl in all the  
2. Have you seen her? You can tell her by the sun - shine in her  
3. Have you seen her? She's the treas - ure of my heart for - ev - er -



world, She's a beau - ty! she's the rar - est! She's a  
face; Not a maid - en can ex - cel her In her  
more, And to know her is a pleas - ure; She's the



rose with dew im - pearled. There's a win - ning way a -  
love - li - ness and grace. There are girls of wealth and  
girl that I a - dore, An - y home her smile would



bout her That I nev - er saw be - fore, Oh! I  
splen - dor, But I'd rath - er have one smile From the  
bright - en, As the stars the sky a - bove; She was

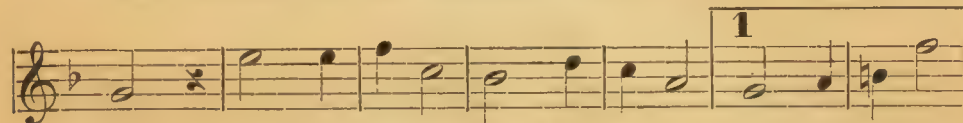


would not be with - out her And I love her more and more.....  
girl so good and ten - der That I think of all the while.....  
sent my heart to light - en With the bless - ing of her love.....

## REFRAIN.



Have you seen her? Have you seen her? She's the dar - ling girl for



me. She's the neat - est, She's the sweetest, And our wedding



soon will be. Oh,..... boys, And our wedding soon will be.

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# DAISY BELL.

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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

There is a flower within my heart, Daisy, Daisy!  
Planted one day by a glancing dart, planted by Daisy Bell;  
Whether she loves me or loves me not, sometimes it's hard to tell,  
Yet I am longing to share the lot of beautiful Daisy Bell.

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!  
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!  
It won't be a stylish marriage—I can't afford a carriage—  
But you'll look sweet on the seat of a bicycle built for two!

We will go "tandem" as man and wife, Daisy, Daisy!  
"Ped'ling" away down the road of life, I and my Daisy Bell!  
When the road's dark we can both despise policemen and "lamps" as well;  
There are "bright lights" in the dazzling eyes of beautiful Daisy Bell.

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!  
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!  
It won't be a stylish marriage—I can't afford a carriage—  
But you'll look sweet on the seat of a bicycle built for two!

I will stand by you in "wheel" or woe, Daisy, Daisy!  
You'll be the bell(e) which I'll ring, you know, sweet little Daisy Bell!  
You'll take the "lead" in each "trip" we take, then if I don't do well,  
I'll permit you to use the brake, my beautiful Daisy Bell.

CHORUS.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!  
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!  
It won't be a stylish marriage—I can't afford a carriage—  
But you'll look sweet on the seat of a bicycle built for two!

---

## TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

An old man gazed on a photograph in the locket he'd worn for years,  
His nephew then asked him the reason why that picture had caused him tears;  
Come, listen, he said, I will tell you, lad, a story that's strange but true—  
Your father and I at the school one day met two little girls in blue.

REFRAIN.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue;  
They were sisters, we were brothers, and learned to love the two;  
And one little girl in blue, lad, who won your father's heart,  
Became your mother; I married the other, but we have drifted apart.

That picture is one of those girls, he said, and to me she was once a wife;  
I thought her unfaithful, we quarreled, lad, and parted that night for life;  
My fancy of jealousy wronged a heart, a heart that was good and true,  
For two better girls never lived than they, those two little girls in blue.

REFRAIN.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue;  
They were sisters, we were brothers, and learned to love the two;  
And one little girl in blue, lad, who won your father's heart,  
Became your mother; I married the other, but we have drifted apart.



# THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

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Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb.

The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said,  
Our organist is ill to-day, will someone play instead?  
An anxious look crept o'er the face of every person there,  
As eagerly they watched to see who'd fill the vacant chair.  
A man then staggered down the aisle whose clothes were old and torn;  
How strange a drunkard seemed to me in church on Sunday morn,  
But as he touched the organ keys without a single word,  
The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

## REFRAIN.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,  
And just to see it o'er again all earthly wealth I'd give;  
The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and gray,  
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Each eye shed tears within that church, the strongest men grew pale,  
The organist in melody had told his own life's tale;  
The sermon of the preacher was no lesson to compare  
With that of life's example who sat in the organ chair.  
And when the service ended not a soul had left a seat,  
Except the poor old organist, who started toward the street;  
Along the aisle and out the door he slowly walked away,  
The preacher rose and softly said, good brethren, let us pray.—*Refrain.*

## Parody on: THE CAT CAME BACK.

Written by Charles E. Lage.

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, etc., to Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

I once had a dollar and that dollar it was bad—  
A nice little hole and a leaden color it had—  
Tried every plan I knew to get this coin away;  
Even dropped it in a preacher's box, but there it didn't stay.

## CHORUS.

The dollar came back, they owed me for a bill,  
So the dollar came back the very next day,  
The dollar came back, said they thought I tapped a till,  
So the dollar came back, it wouldn't stay away.

I next tried it on a blind man who stood upon the street;  
I saw him feel it; I guess he thought he had a treat;  
Then he turned his sign around and after me did run,  
When, what was my surprise to read on his sign "I am dumb."

## CHORUS.

The dollar came back, it wasn't any lighter;  
The dollar came back the very same way;  
The dollar came back, I wasn't a fighter,  
So the dollar came back, and not a word did I say.

I next dropped it on the street, and for fun o'er it I passed,  
Gave it a farewell glance, as though it was my last;  
A policeman stepped up to me and says, "Now, don't get funny,  
For I'm going to arrest you for passing counterfeit money."

## CHORUS.

The dollar came back—I was given a duty  
When the dollar came back to the hotel where I did stay.  
The dollar came back; they made me spoil its beauty,  
So the dollar came back and never went away.

## OH! PROMISE ME.

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Words by Clement Scott. Music by Reginald De Koven.

Oh, promise me that some day you and I  
Will take our love together to some sky,  
Where we can be alone and faith renew,  
And find the hollows were those flowers grew;  
Those first sweet violets of early spring,  
Which come in whispers, thrill us both, and sing  
Of love unspeakable that is to be—  
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

Oh, promise me that you will take my hand,  
The most unworthy in this lonely land,  
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes  
Seeing the vision of our paradise;  
Hearing God's message, while the organ rolls  
Its mighty music to our very souls,  
No love less perfect than a life with thee—  
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.



# SINCE MY MOTHER'S DEAD AND GONE.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

*Andante moderato.*



1. In that dear old village church-yard, There I see a moss-y  
2. I was young, but I re-mem-ber Well the night my moth-er  
3. Oft I wan-der to that church-yard, Flow'rs to plant with ten-der



mound, That is where my moth-er's sleep-ing,  
died,— When I watched her spir-it fad-ing,  
care On the grave of my dear moth-er—



In the cold and si-lent ground. Gen-tly waves the weep-ing  
Till she called me to her side, Say-ing, "Dar-ling, I must  
Dark-ness finds me weep-ing there, Look-ing at the sky a-



willow, Birds, their war-ble sing at dawn,  
leave you, An-gel voi-ces guide me on,—  
bove me, Wait-ing for the heav'n-ly dawn;



But my heart is sad and lone-ly— Since my mother's dead and gone!  
Pray that we may meet in Heav-en, When your mother's dead and gone!"  
There is no one left to love me, Since my mother's dead and gone!

### CHORUS.



In that dear old vil-lage church-yard,



Oft I stray with heart for-lorn; For there's no one left to



love me, Since my moth-er's dead and gone!

*rit. con espressione.*

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# ALWAYS MIND YOUR SISTER, JENNIE.

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Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

A plain little cottage, a cold winter's day,  
A fond mother's life slowly ebbing away,  
Two sisters in tears standing there by her bed,  
To hear the last words that their dearest friend said.  
One sister to womanhood lately had grown,  
The other to fifteen years scarcely could own:  
The poor mother knew that the youngest was wild,  
So her counsel she gave to her fair, youngest child:  
"There are things, little girl, that you can't understand,  
There are lures and temptations, dear, on every hand,  
You will find, little Jennie, thro' sorrow and woe,  
That your sister will comfort and love you, I know!"

CHORUS.

"Always mind your sister, Jennie, she's the dearest friend of any,  
You will need her, darling, heed her, and you'll never have a fear;  
She will be a mother to you, let her life be happy thro' you,  
Just believe her, don't deceive her, always mind your sister, dear!"

A street in the city, a warm summer's night,  
A tall pretty lassie, a youth gay and bright;  
She, laughing and talking as slowly they passed,  
He, thinking, "My angel, I've got you at last!"  
"Suppose we have supper, my pretty," he says,  
"I know where to take you, a nice quiet place;  
Of course you'll say 'yes,' for it's not very late,  
And then I will see you as far as the gate."  
But before she could answer, a form that she knew  
Came quickly towards her, ah! what should she do?  
Her sister was calling, "Come, Jennie, away,"  
And the dear voice of mother again seemed to say:—*Chorus.*

---

## THEY WANTED ME TO TAKE HIS PLACE.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Glenroy.

Now do not get offended, please, because I start to sing,  
For if I hadn't come out here this curtain down they'd ring.  
The man who ought to sing this song, inside was taken sick;  
As I was standing idle there, they grabbed me very quick.

CHORUS.

For they wanted me to take his place and do the best I could;  
They said go on and sing the song—I told them that I would;  
They're standing there to watch me now, my actions just to see;  
They said you can't get more than killed—how pleasant that would be.

Old P. T. Barnum's great big show is in an awful stew;  
They lost their curiosity and don't know what to do.  
It happened just a week ago, and how they wept and cried  
When through the crowd it quickly spread, the big baboon had died.

CHORUS.

And they wanted me to take his place and do the best I could,  
And be locked in a great big cage, with monkeys bad and good;  
They'd call me "Crowley," No. 2—the kids stick pins in me;  
They'd feed me candies and peanuts—how pleasant that would be.

McCarty and McCloskey, too, had matched their dogs to fight;  
They posted \$50 each to fight for Friday night;  
We all went out to Oody's place—McCarty's dog was there,  
But they couldn't find McCloskey nor his "bull pup" anywhere.

CHORUS.

And they wanted me to take his place and do the best I could;  
They said, "Go in, my boy, and win; we know your pluck is good";  
They tried to make me strip my coat and fight the dog, you see;  
He'd eat my eyes, my nose and ears—how pleasant that would be.

My sister had a policy upon her husband's life;  
He ran away and left her broke—a disappointed wife.  
She said if he were only dead the insurance she could claim;  
So she bought a coffin, and on it she had engraved his name.

CHORUS.

And she wanted me to take his place, and do the best I could  
To play off dead and be nailed up in a coffin made of wood,  
And when the mourners had all gone, she said she'd let me free;  
Perhaps she might forget it though—how pleasant that would be.



## AFTER THE BALL.

By Chas. K. Harris, author of the famous success, "Kiss and Let's Make Up."

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Chas. K. Harris & Co., 207 Grand Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., are the sole publishers of this song. The sheet music of this song can be obtained from them at 50c. per copy.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

A little maiden climbed on an old man's knee,  
Begged for a story—"Do, Uncle, please.  
Why are you single; why live alone?  
Have you no babies; have you no home?"  
"I had a sweetheart, years, years ago;  
Where she is now, pet, you will soon know.  
List to the story, I'll tell it all:  
I believed her faithless after the ball.

CHORUS.

"After the ball is over, after the break of morn—  
After the dancers' leaving; after the stars are gone;  
Many a heart is aching, if you could read them all;  
Many the hopes that have vanished after the ball.

"Bright lights were flashing in the grand ball-room,  
Softly the music, playing sweet tunes.

There came my sweetheart, my love, my own—  
'I wish some water; leave me alone.'  
When I returned, dear, there stood a man,  
Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can.  
Down fell the glass, pet, broken, that's all,  
Just as my heart was, after the ball.—*Chorus.*

Long years have passed, child; I've never wed;  
True to my lost love, though she is dead.  
She tried to tell me, tried to explain;  
I would not listen, pleadings were vain;  
One day a letter came from that man—  
He was her brother—the letter ran—  
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all;  
I broke her heart, pet, after the ball.—*Chorus.*

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## DADDY WOULDN'T BUY ME A BOW-WOW.

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Written and Composed by Joseph Tabrar.

I love my little cat, I do, with soft black, silky hair;  
It comes each day with me to school, and sits upon the chair;  
When teacher says, "Why do you bring that little pet of yours?"  
I tell her that I bring my cat along with me because—

CHORUS.

Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow, bow-wow,  
Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow, bow-wow;  
I've got a little cat, and I'm very fond of that,  
But I'd rather have a bow-wow, wow, wow, wow, wow.

We used to have two tiny dogs, such pretty little dears,  
But daddy sold 'em 'cos' they used to bite each others ears;  
I cried all day; at eight each night Papa sent me to bed;  
When Ma came home and wiped my eyes, I cried again and said:—*Chorus.*

I'll be so glad when I get old, to do just as I "likes";  
I'll keep a parrot and, at least, a half a dozen tykes;  
And when I've got a tiny pet, I'll kiss the little thing,  
Then put it in its little cot, and unto it I'll sing:—*Chorus.*

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## PUSH DEM CLOUDS AWAY.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

If you want to git to heaven on de nickel-plated road, just push dem clouds away;  
Bring along all yer baggage and check it to de Lord, when you push dem clouds away.  
If de train am a-speedin' an' you can't catch on, when you push dem clouds away,  
You're a coon dat's gone, and wuss dan none, when you push dem clouds away.

CHORUS.

Just push! Don't shove! Just push dem clouds away;  
Keeping a-pushin' and a-shovin' an' a-pushin' an' a-shovin' till you push dem clouds away.—[Whistle.]

Oh, de chickens up dere don't have to scratch, when you push dem clouds away;  
All green and yaller is dat watermillon patch, when you push dem clouds away.  
If de people am a-yellin' for pie and milk, just push dem clouds away;  
De angels dere all dress in silk, when you push dem clouds away.—*Chorus.*

There'll be no boys a-puffin' cigarettes, when you push dem clouds away;  
They'll all have wings, those manny's little pets, when you push dem clouds away.  
Old Gabriel's horn will toot and roar, when you push dem clouds away;  
There'll be no dudes around the stage-door, when you push dem clouds away.—*Chorus.*

## THE BOWERY.

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Words by Chas. H. Hoyt. Music by Percy Gaunt.

Oh! the night that I struck New York,  
I went out for a quiet walk;  
Folks who are "on to" the city say,  
Better, by far, that I took Broadway;  
But I was out to enjoy the sights;  
There was the Bowery ablaze with lights;  
I had one of the devil's own nights—  
I'll never go there any more.

CHORUS.

The Bowery, the Bowery;  
They say such things, and they do strange things  
On the Bowery, the Bowery—  
I'll never go there any more.

I had walked but a block or two,  
When up came a fellow and me he knew;  
Then a policeman came walking by,  
Chased him away, and I asked him why.  
"Wasn't he pulling your leg?" said he.  
Said I, "He never laid hands on me!"  
"Get off the Bowery, you Yep!" said he—  
I'll never go there any more.—Chorus.

I went into an auction store;  
I never saw any thieves before;  
First he sold me a pair of socks,  
Then said he, "How much for the box?"  
Some one said "two dollars!" I said "three!"  
He emptied the box and gave it to me—

"I sold you the box, not the socks," said he—  
I'll never go there any more.—Chorus.

I went into a concert hall,  
I didn't have a good time at all;  
Just the minute that I sat down  
Girls began singing, "New Coon in Town."  
I got up mad and spoke out free.  
"Somebody put that man out," said she;  
A man called a bouncer attended to me—  
I'll never go there any more.—Chorus.

I went into a barber shop;  
He talked till I thought he would never stop;  
I, cut it short, he misunderstood,  
Clipped down my hair just as close as he could;  
He shaved with a razor that scratched like a pin,  
Took off my whiskers and most of my chin;  
That was the worst scrape I ever got in—  
I'll never go there any more.—Chorus.

I struck a place that they called a "dive";  
I was in luck to get out alive;  
When the policeman heard my woes,  
Saw my black eyes and my battered nose,  
"You've been held up!" said the "copper" fly!  
"No, sir; but I've been knocked down!" said I;  
Then he laughed, though I couldn't see why—  
I'll never go there any more.—Chorus.

## I HANDED IT OVER TO RILEY.

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Words by Albert Hall. Music by Felix McGlennon.

There never were two stancher pals  
Than I and my chum Johnny Riley;  
We'd booze together or flirt with gals,  
And we valued each other highly;  
Whenever there was any booze to be got,  
Or somebody paid for the keg or pot,  
I would collar the measure and gulp the lot,  
Then I handed it over to Riley.

CHORUS.

For Riley and I were chums, and we always shared  
Black eyes or sugar-plums, the divil a hair we cared;  
When there was anything nice about, take my word,  
That when I had done, I handed it over to Riley.

One day when I was on a spree  
Along with my chum Johnny Riley,  
One of those men they call a "D"  
Came in and surveyed us slyly;  
Then he grabbed me gently by the ear,  
And whispered, "Young man, I've a warrant here!"

Well, I took that warrant in the greatest fear,  
Then I handed it over to Riley.—Chorus.

One night I found a watch and chain  
While out with my chum Johnny Riley,  
And he for his share did soon complain,  
And he did it so awfully wily;  
But as by a lamp we chanced to pass,  
I saw by the light of the flaring gas  
That the watch was gold but the chain was brass,  
So the chain went over to Riley.—Chorus.

One sweet Spring morn I took a wife,  
My best, of course, was Riley;  
I thought she'd be the joy of my life,  
For she acted so very shyly;  
But I soon found that marriage was no great fun,  
For she chased me 'round the house with a gun,  
Till I said, "Dear Madam, with you I've done,"  
And I handed her over to Riley.—Chorus.

## REUBEN AND CYNTHIA.

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Words by Chas. H. Hoyt. Music arranged by Percy Gaunt.

Reuben, Reuben, I've a notion  
If the men were sent away,  
Far beyond the stormy ocean,  
Female hearts would all be gay.  
Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking  
If the men should take that trip,  
All the women in creation  
Right away would take that ship.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking  
What a strange thing it would be  
If all streams of drinking water  
All turned salty as the sea.  
Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking,  
You can safely take my word,  
More than half the population  
Wouldn't know it had occurred.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking,  
Will you tell me where or when  
Women will be forced to stop this—  
Doing things just like the men?  
Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking,  
And can answer with dispatch,  
She must cease her mannish methods  
When she comes to strike a match.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking  
Why do people risk their gold  
Betting on the wicked races,  
Knowing they are bought and sold?  
Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking  
That is where the laugh comes in,  
Each man thinks that he has fixed it  
So the horse he backs will win.



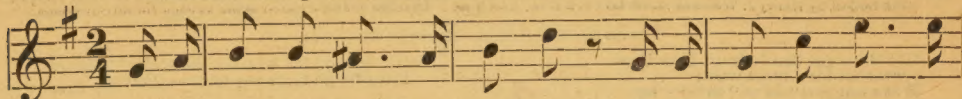
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BALLAD.

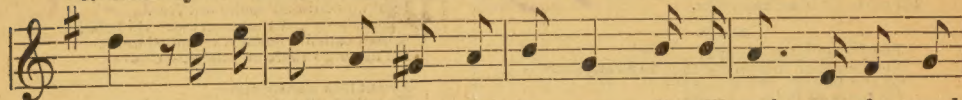
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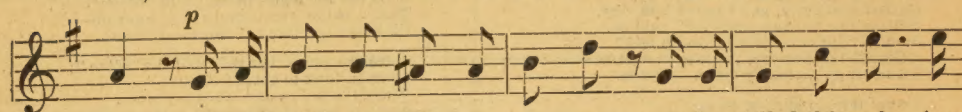
*Andante con espressione.*



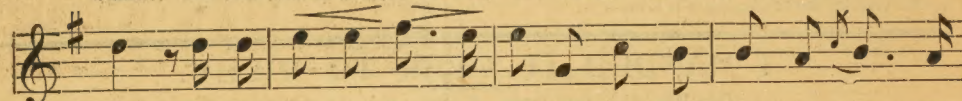
1. Raise the win-dow high - er, moth - er, air can nev - er harm me
2. How he gained my young af - fec - tion, vow-ing in most ten - der
3. Glad - ly I o - bey the sum - mons to a bright and bet - ter



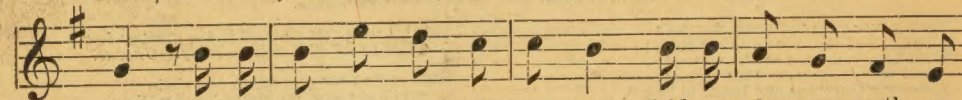
now, Let the breeze blow in up - on me, it will cool my fe - vered  
tone That he would for - ev - er guard me, were my heart but his a -  
land, Where no hearts are won and bro - ken, but all form a hap - py



brow; Soon death's struggles will be o - ver, soon be stilled this ach - ing  
lone; You re - mem - ber how I trust - ed, how my thoughts were all of  
band. Do not chide him, moth - er, dar - ling, tho' my form you see no



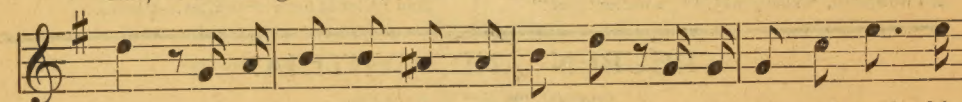
heart, But I have a dy - ing message I would give be - fore we  
him— Draw the cur - tain high - er, moth - er, for the light is grow - ing  
more; Grieve not, think me on - ly waiting for you on the oth - er



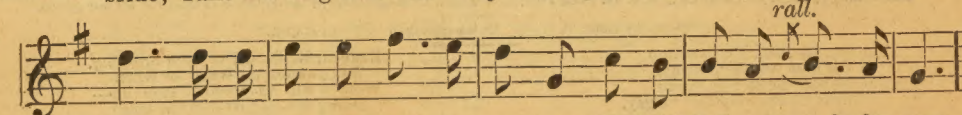
part: Lay my head up - on your bos - om, fold me clos - er, moth - er,  
dim. Need I tell you how he left me, cold - ly put - ting me a -  
shore. Do not chide him, moth - er, dar - ling, tho' you miss me from your



dear, While I breathe a name long si - lent, in thy fond and lov - ing  
side, How he wooed and won an - oth - er, and now claims her as his  
side, I for - give him, and I wish him joy with her to be his



ear; Mother, there is one—you know him— oh, I can - not speak his  
bride? Life has been a wea - ry bur - den since those hours of deep - est  
bride; Take this ring from off my fin - ger, where he placed it long a -



name, You re - member how he sought me, how with lov - ing words he came.  
woe—Wipe these cold drops from my forehead, they are death marks well I know.  
go, Give it to him with a bless - ing, that in dy - ing I be - stow.

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